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hat; decorated by E. White.

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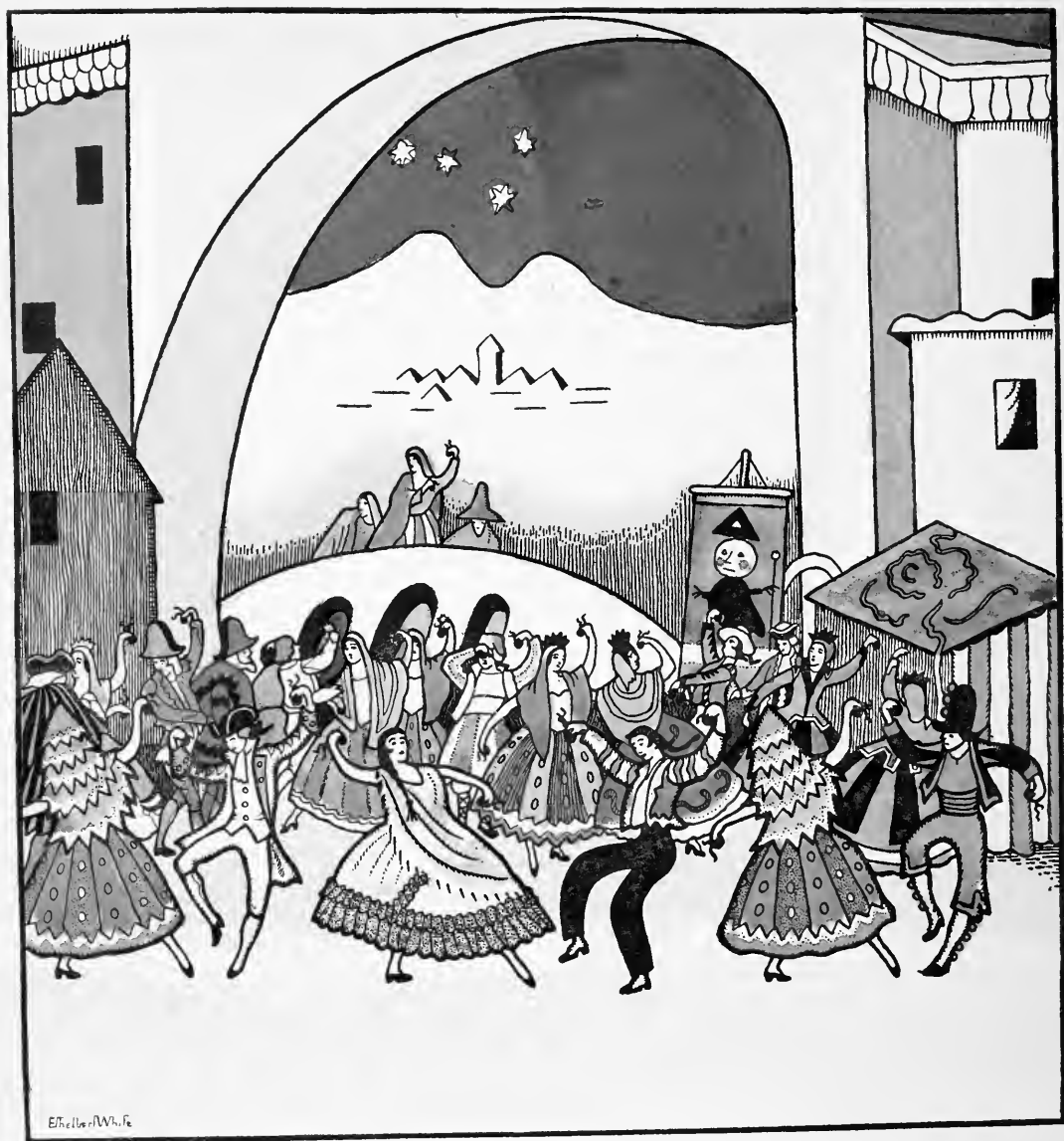
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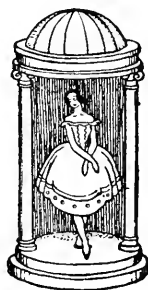
ETHELBERG, W. H. JR.



# THE THREE-CORNERED HAT

WRITTEN BY  
C. W. BEAUMONT

DECORATED BY  
ETHELBERT WHITE



LONDON C. W. BEAUMONT  
75 CHARING CROSS ROAD W.C.





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# THE THREE CORNERED HAT

*Casadite, casadite cierra con trance la puerta.  
Que en que el diablo esté dormido á lo mejor se despierte.*

IT HAS long been a matter of surprise that a ballet founded on the dance-rhythms of Spain has not been presented hitherto, particularly when one recalls the many months spent by the company in that country prior to their return to London, and Massine's increasing use in his choreography of the rhythmic stamping of the feet. Again, the company's répertoire is rich in ballets founded on the mythological legends of Greece and Rome—witness *Midas*, *Narcisse*, *Daphnis and Chloe*—and the traditional dances of Spain, handed down from generation to generation, have, considered choregraphically, many similarities with the classic dances of antiquity.

The poses displayed in Tanagra *figurines*, the play of the arms and legs, the extreme throwing-backward of the head; are expressions of movements common both to the Greek and Spanish dance. The use of castanets may be cited as a further proof of affinity, for at ancient Rome, as in modern Spain, popular dances were cadenced by the click of castanets. The use of these instruments is shown clearly in drawings that may be seen in the British Museum and in Myron's famous statue, *Dancing Satyr playing castanets*, which is in the Vatican Museum. Even after

a thousand years the *castanuelas* of modern Spain differ only slightly from the *crotalia* of the ancients. They are identical in size and form, their essential difference lies in the material of which they are composed for, generally, the antique models made of bronze.

It is clear from an interesting article contributed by M. Diaghileff to the *Comoedia* that for some time he had meditated the production of a Spanish ballet. The most obvious difficulty would be the choice of suitable music. Modern Spanish music is represented best by the works of Granados, Albeniz, Turina and De Falla. It is possible that the fourth-named would have seemed the more suitable for two reasons. The production in 1913 of De Falla's opera, *La Vida Breve* (A Brief Life) proved him to possess a remarkable sense of dramatic values, secondly, Stravinsky had expressed so great an admiration for his work as to baptize him the "Liadoff of Spain." No sooner did the company arrive from America to Spain than the director took steps to make the composer's acquaintance. At their first meeting De Falla played the first part of a "pantomime" which he had written to a theme supplied by his friend, Martinez Sierra. M. Diaghileff suggested that he should adapt the score to the requirements of the dance, for though it had been produced already with considerable success under the title of *El Corregidor y la Molinera* at the Eslava Theatre, Madrid, the theme was so minutely expressed as to leave little or nothing to the art of the choreographer. De Falla consented to rearrange his composition and added the *Farucca* and also the magnificent *Jota*, which brings the ballet to its conclusion.

While engaged in collaboration, the director, composer and Massine, anxious to obtain the correct atmosphere, paid a visit to the less-frequented parts of Andulasia. One night, as they walked in the streets they encountered a blind man, chanting a melody to the accompaniment of a broken guitar, an episode which has its romance for this same melody is recorded in the score of the ballet.

From the choreographer's point of view, Massine was enraptured with the grace, precision and beauty of the native dances of Andulasia. He spent his evenings in out-of-the-way *cafés*, organised fêtes, travelled here, there and everywhere; and in order to obtain a still more detailed knowledge of the movements comprised in the dances, he caused them to be recorded by cinematography. The Spanish school of the dance is so particular and definitive an artistic conception, that it is impossible to transplant it. One must make either a photographic reproduction or else employ it as a means of inspiration. For Massine, the only possible course was the second, a view which previously had been adopted by the great Russian composers in their treatment of Spanish themes. Two examples which immediately occur to the mind are Glinka's *Jota Aragonesa* and Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Capriccio Espagnole*.

The theme by Martinez Sierra is based on the play, *El Sombrero de Tres Picos*, written by the Spanish poet, Pedro Antonio de Alarcon. Born in 1833 his life of fifty-eight years was divided between soldiering and writing, and the material of his tales is based largely upon personal experiences.

The ballet commences with a brief overture well calculated to create both a characteristically Spanish atmosphere and to rouse to the highest pitch the excitement and curiosity of the audience. There is a triumphant fanfare of trumpets, the *motif* similar to that which announces the *torero's* entrance during a performers' parade into the bull-ring, followed by slow, distinct, thunderous beats of a big drum. Suddenly the ears are startled by a roar of enthusiastically shouted *olé's*, immediately succeeded by a burst of heel-tapping and the crashing *tr-r-ra, tak-ta* of lustily-shaken castanets.

The curtain parts to reveal a grey drop-curtain which serves to frame a small rectangular picture set in its centre. The picture depicts a group of spectators in their *palco* at a *corrida*. It is evidently the interval between the removal of one slain animal and the entrance of a newcomer, for there is just visible to the eye a group of gaily-caparisoned, galloping horses dragging a hurdle across the sanded floor of the arena. The left foreground is occupied by a man in a red cloak who leans on the shoulders of a lady in pink skirt and voluminous mantilla. To the right is a ragged, bare-footed boy who offers supplies of fruit and lemonade to a group of three ladies engaged in conversation.

Now is heard the plaintive melody of a distant chant which forewarns the approach of evil in the person of the devil. As the last thrill dies away there is a renewed drumming of heels. Again the trumpets blare in a furious crescendo. They cease—the big drum booms out once, twice, thrice—silence. The drop-curtain slowly glides upward.

The scene revealed is dominated by a magnificent archway through which can be seen a semi-circular, stone bridge ; behind this lies a broad, flat plain crowned in the distance by the vague, angular outlines of a small village shadowed by two high mountains. To the left of the scene is a gorge and a few deep-toned houses. To the right, is another house provided with a porch hung with a striped awning. By the side of the door is fixed a wooden cage which contains a black and white bird. Near to the house stands a well. Overhead burns a deep blue sky and the white-washed walls of the houses gleam white under the fierce rays of the sun.

In front of the bird-cage stands the miller, a dark, bronzed youth

clad in tightly-fitting, black trousers and short velvet waistcoat which serves to set off his open shirt, gaily-striped in blue and white. He is engaged in trying to teach the bird to sing. He places his hands on his head with the forefingers pointing stiffly upward and impatiently jerks his body back and back as if in endeavour to drag out forcibly the required notes from the throat of the reluctant bird. Finding his efforts are productive only of discordant shrieks he brings himself erect and stamps his feet in exasperation.

The music changes swiftly to a languorous melody, and from the rear of the house glides his wife, conquettish, insinuating, her body swaying with that soft, rippling grace inherited from the Moors. She sweeps to and fro while her hands excitedly shake the rustling folds of her ample pink silk skirt, adorned with black lace and brilliant with iridescent sequins.

She playfully evades her husband's intended embrace, and smiling over her shoulder, she tempts him to pursuit. He follows quickly at her heels and so begins the merry comedy of escape and pursuit. They break into a dance to circle about each other and quickly pass and repass in the light, captivating steps of the *koradin*. Then, like children overflowing with high spirits, they run to the well and the miller busies himself in the drawing of a pail of water by the laboured turning of a loudly-creaking handle.

Across the bridge comes a gay, young spark in coat and knee-breeches of spotless white faced with pale green satin, his cravat and cuffs adorned with a plentiful fall of black and white ribbons. His mischievous face is framed in a green wig crowned by a three-cornered hat. In one hand he carelessly trails the string of a low-flying kite. As he catches sight of the miller's wife, he leans over the parapet of the bridge, presses his fingers to his lips and throws her kiss after kiss.

Perceiving her spouse intent on his task, she accepts the compliment with a provocative smile and sideway tilt of her pretty head, then she daintily raises her skirt ever so slightly and offers to his admiring gaze the entrancing spectacle of a well-turned ankle. Delighted at this favour, the young nobleman performs for her benefit a few steps of the *bolero*. He leaps upward, twists his hands outward and swings his legs sideways in mid-air, then falls lightly to the ground and again leaps upward to swing his legs in the opposite direction.

Unhappily for the progress of this wordless flirtation the miller lifts down the pail, raises his head to make a remark and perceives the situation. With a muttered exclamation he dashes on to the bridge, but it is too late for the young rascal gaily wafts a parting kiss and laughingly takes



to his heels.

Unable to conceal his annoyance the miller stamps his feet with rage. The music changes to a slow, pompous march and husband and wife shade their eyes and gaze intently in the direction of the sound. The music increases in volume and there enters a small procession composed of the Corregidor's wife, carried in a green and yellow sedan-chair supported by tall, bewigged footmen, richly dressed in coat and breeches of red velvet. The rear is brought up by six *Alguacils* or policemen, arrogant representatives of their master's power and authority, who march stiffly in double file, their arms folded upon their breasts. Their faces are white with powder which ill-conceals the evil spots and lines that scar their cheeks, while their breeches and pleated cloaks, striped in black and yellow, give them the appearance of monstrous bats.

By the side of the sedan-chair hobbles the Corregidor himself, a vicious old gentleman in black satin who alternately leers at his wife and feasts his gaze on the number of his servants. Seeing the miller's wife, who has drawn near to watch the unusual spectacle, he blinks his red-rimmed eyes and rudely quizzes her. Finding her greatly to his taste, he bestows a meaning smile upon her and carelessly pretends to drop his handkerchief, which she, conscious only of the respect due to his rank, hastens to pick up and, with the accompaniment of a low curtsy, restore to him.

Delighted at this proof of submission he thanks her with an exaggerated bow and continues on his way, his mind already occupied in the devising of stratagems for her seduction. The procession passes from sight, followed for a short distance by the miller's wife.

Enter three of the miller's men, who each bear on their backs a weighty sack of flour. The miller encourages them with amiable smile and friendly gesture until the supplies are carried safely into his store-house.

Now passes an attractive young girl who bears on her head a large pitcher. The miller, who seems no less susceptible than his wife to the charms of the opposite sex, pauses to bid her good-day and playfully chucks her under the chin. The girl smiles good-humouredly, upon which he gaily dances round her. At this moment the wife returns. Enraged, she stamps her foot and shakes her skirt, then sobs on her arm and bewails his unfaithfulness. He is profuse in apologies, loads her with caresses until he is forgiven, and the episode is forgotten in a brief dance of reconciliation. The music soars upward on a brilliant scale and the miller runs into his house.

Left to herself his wife dances quickly to and fro with brisk little stamps of the feet. Now she extends her arms in a parallel line. They ripple, flow and undulate while the fingers expand and close, at once repellent, warning and inviting. Exulting in her skill she exerts herself to the utmost, little dreaming that she has an audience in the person of the Corregidor, who watches intently from the far side of the gorge. In one hand he holds an ebony cane with which he softly taps the ground in time to the measure ; in the other he holds a lace handkerchief, which he continually presses to his lips to stifle the delighted chuckles that follow each swaying of her hips, each flash of rounded arm, each palpitation of her breasts. The music increases, and now her hands beat swiftly in *counter-time*, then her petticoats whirl upward in a breathless pirouette and she falls to the ground on one knee.

The Corregidor departs only to re-appear at the near side of the gorge. He advances, greets her with a sweeping bow and compliments her upon her performance ; then he playfully pats her cheek and begs the honour of her company in a few steps of the *menuet*. Flattered at such gracious approval she smilingly consents. The old *roué*, anxious to please, glides backward and forward, flings back his head and flutters his coat-tails in the most distinguished manner.

But the miller's wife soon tires of the slow and ceremonious measure, and running to the bird-cage, she takes a bunch of grapes and invites him to join her in a dance, which has its counterpart in the old English dance of " bob-apple." So she steps to and fro dangling the grapes from her outstretched hand while the Corregidor, with hands placed behind his back, vainly essays to bite it. Now the dance enters on another phase when the Corregidor turns his back to her, and with head tilted backward, strives again to bite the fruit held so tantalisingly beyond his reach.



Desirous of making a greater effort, he throws back his head still further, only to lose his balance and fall heavily to the ground. Groaning with pain he rolls feebly from side to side. The miller appears, runs to the help of his wife, and together they succeed in raising him to his feet. The husband, who has doubtless watched the whole of the proceedings from the concealment of his house, makes no pretence at withholding his pleasure at the Corregidor's discomfiture, and jumping with glee, the miller and his wife snap their fingers in derision and turn their backs upon him. The Corregidor perceives that he has been the butt for their fun and departs in a terrible rage, shaking his fists and swearing speedy vengeance.

They pay little heed to his threats and leap high in the air. The purring of the castanets falls on the ear and they launch themselves into the opening movements of the *fandango*. They tease, entreat and pursue each other by turns. They whirl about each other, faster and faster. Suddenly the miller drops to the ground on one knee. He maintains his stooping position and bounds from side to side. Again he leaps to his feet, and again the couple revolve, pass and repass in rapid *traversias*. Their eyes gleam, droop and flash up again like an expiring flame. Each time they face, their legs sweep forward and upward, the jacket flaps, the shawl writhes and the skirt rustles and flutters in the breeze of their movements. All is a madness of rhythmic animation—seductive, fiercely passionate, inflaming. OLE! OLE! Now their feet beat in time to the measure, louder and louder, faster and faster—suddenly they both fall to the ground on one knee, each with an arm flung aloft to curve gracefully over the head. “OLE! OLE! BIEN PARADO!

As they rise to their feet, newcomers enter upon the scene. First, three girls in ample dresses, striped pale-blue and black, accompanied by three men in red and one in blue and white. The miller and his wife greet each with a pleasant smile and low bow. Now come other friends, girls in white and green, men in blue and brown. The afternoon is to be devoted to a *festa*, for all are dressed in their best.

Four of the men commence to enliven proceedings with a burst of reverberating heel-taps. Fired by their example another quartette, composed of two girls and two men, step briskly to a quick measure. Now the whole company dispose themselves in two long lines, a necessary preparation for the execution of *las Sevillianas*, the classic dance of Andulasia.

The opening measures consist of turns, advances and retreats performed in a grand and majestic manner to the *tr-tr-tr* of castanets. Gradually the movement increases in speed and the arms move in simple

opposition ; the left extended in a line with the shoulder as the right falls across the chest, then as the right arm leaps above the head, the left fore-arm falls across the back. The dance concludes with a pirouette and each falls to the ground on one knee with one hand curved above the head.

They smooth their clothes and sit in a semi-circle. The miller's wife advances, holding in her hands a heavy black shawl which she swings from side to side, then with a quick, upward sweep of her arms she causes it to wind about her head and shoulders.

Meanwhile, the miller goes into the house and returns bearing on his head a large bundle tied up in a white sheet. He sets it down, unties the knot and takes out a supply of cups and a distended wine-skin. The cups are filled and distributed among the guests. His wife unwinds the shawl and takes her place among her friends. The miller holds the wine-skin in his hands, lifts it to his lips and takes a deep draught. Then he flings it to the ground, draws himself erect and commences the fiery movements of the *farucca*.

He slowly snaps his fingers and moves forward with little, brisk steps—each advance punctuated by a resounding thump of the feet. Now he winds one hand about the other while his feet crash to each beat of the measure. The pace quickens—he leaps—revolves in mid-air—crashes to the ground with another savage stamp of the feet. He swings on one foot alternately to right and left, then raises the free foot to sharply slap the heel with the palm of each open hand. He whirls in a swift pirouette, falls to the ground on his hands and a second later leaps to his feet. The movement slows and he holds his hands parallel to his chest, the palms facing, the fingers slightly parted. Now he turns slowly on one foot and gradually raises and lowers his hands with a plaintive fluttering of the fingers. Again the measure increases in speed—bursts into fiery rhythm. He moves with short, convulsive bounds—forward—backward—forward—backward—the street echoes to the swift chop of his feet as they continually strike the ground. One of his friends, with ever-quickening hand-claps, urges him to still greater efforts. So he leaps—faster—faster—the stamps grow louder—louder—the frenzy of rhythm quickens the pulse—fires the blood—a sudden deafening thud of the feet and the miller stops dead—quivering, breathless, streaked with sweat. OLE ! OLE ! BIEN PARADO !

The guests rise and congratulate the miller on his prowess while some of the more adventurous spirits dash hither and thither in simulated reproduction of a *capea*. The afternoon passes quickly in such pleasant diversions and soon the light fades and darkness overshadows the scene. It is time for the guests to depart. Again the cups are filled and raised



in a parting toast when there falls on the ear the menacing, staccato stamp of swiftly-marching feet. The company lower their cups and gaze at each other in amazement. What can be abroad at such an hour?

The question is soon answered by the entrance of the Corregidor's repulsive henchmen. With all the overbearing insolence of the petty official they push their way through the astonished guests and surround the miller. One of their leaders confronts him, and with a swift jerk of his wrist, unrolls a warrant for his arrest, which he maliciously dangles before his frightened eyes. The miller trembles and shakes in every limb and seems bereft of his reason. Hemmed in by the hideous, striped cloaks he can see only the white parchment which authorises the seizure of his person. He pleads piteously for an explanation. That is none of their business. His wife, distracted by this bitter end to their holiday, makes a despairing effort at rescue, only to be pushed roughly aside. Then the policemen close about their prisoner and bear him away. In sorrow the miller's friends take their departure.

The moon rises to bathe the bridge in cold, grey-green shadow and to illumine the drawn face of the miller's wife. Her features reflect with unmistakable clarity the conflicting thoughts that flee through her mind—the desire for vengeance and the anguish of fear for her husband's fate.

Emotion follows emotion with lightning rapidity. Now the nostrils dilate and the eyebrows contract in a vengeful frown, now the eyes half-close as if filled with tears. Again is heard the poignant chant which, like Dodon's cockerel, forewarns of the approach of danger. *Por la noche canta el cuco advirtiendo á los casados que corran bien los cerrojos, que el diablo esté desvelado. Por la noche canta el cuco, cucu, cucu, cucu.* She walks slowly to and fro, tears at her skirts and stamps the ground in impotent rage, then

sorrow wells up in her throat and she falls on her knees and buries her face in her hands.

The humorous theme employed to mark the Corregidor's entrance is heard again and a muffled figure appears on the bridge, who moves with so insolent an air, so complacent a swagger as to leave little doubt concerning his identity. Half-way across, he flings off the cloak, lays it on the parapet and continues on his way with short, mincing steps.

Hearing the patter of footsteps the miller's wife quickly rises and wheels round to find herself face to face with the Corregidor.

Unabashed, he greets her with an ingratiating smile and elaborate bow and begs the honour of her company in a *menuet*. With an angry gesture she intimates that she will have nothing to do with him. He pursues her relentlessly with specious argument and whining avowals, while she continually stamps her feet with rage and draws her skirts about her as if his contact would defile them. Distracted with the fever of his passion the Corregidor becomes forgetful of his rank, his birth, even of his manhood, and drags himself after her on his hands and knees, crawls in the dust, willing to undergo any humiliation if only she will listen to his entreaties.

Disgusted and irritated at this degrading spectacle the miller's wife seeks escape by running on to the bridge. The Corregidor struggles to his feet and totters after her. Now, greatly daring, he endeavours to clasp her waist, but she savagely shakes herself free and gives him so fierce a push that he overbalances and falls with a resounding splash into the river below.

Forgetful of her fears she rushes to the parapet, extends her arms and assists him to clamber back to safety. Then she retraces her steps and gives vent to her delight in peal on peal of laughter as she repeatedly surveys the miserable, bedraggled, dripping figure that limps disconsolately in her wake.

Arrived in front of the house the Corregidor, maddened at his plight and the continued set-back to his desires, resolves upon more forceful measures. He quickly throws his arms about her, but with a sudden movement she disengages herself and, with a scornful glance, moves away. Undaunted, the old *roué* follows at her heels as fast as his tottering limbs will permit. So begins the fierce chase, each time her escape becomes more difficult, until at last he has her fast in his arms. Now several peasants glide upon the bridge, interested spectators of the struggle below. Resisting with all her might she forces his arms apart and twists from his grasp. Then, thoroughly alarmed for her safety, she rushes to the house,

snatches up a musket that hangs by the door, points the muzzle at her persecutor and thus effectually bars his pursuit while she walks backward through the gorge.

The Corregidor, no longer buoyed up with the excitement of the chase, begins to reflect seriously on the consequences of his rashness. His limbs tremble from the strain of the unwonted exercise, his teeth chatter as a result of his unlucky immersion. Cursing his folly he takes off his dripping hat and laboriously frees his arms from his sodden coat. He shakes the clothes and hangs them up to dry. Then he pulls aside the striped awning and wearily throws himself on to the miller's bed.

Now the miller across the bridge comes, evidently escaped from his captors. He notices the striped cloak, stops short, takes it up and makes his way to his house. Hearing the footsteps the Corregidor totters to his feet to see to his horror the vengeful, grinning face of the miller. As the latter sees the cause of his troubles he waves the cloak in the manner of a *torero* and baits him like a bull. He dashes the cloak into his face, winds it about his head, forces him to the ground and proceeds to kick and trample upon him to his full content.

Then he circles about the prostrate figure and triumphantly dances the grotesque steps of the *chufas*. His face is distorted in a malevolent grin, his body is arched and rocks from side to side, his hands loudly slap his muscular thighs. He makes his way to the near side of the house and scribbles on the wall, "*Your wife is no less beautiful than mine.*" Then he snatches up the wet clothes as a trophy and blithely takes his departure.

Aching in every limb and groaning with pain the Corregidor struggles to his feet. Then he notices the writing on the wall which he anxiously reads. As the significant meaning of the lines dawns upon his dazed brain, he claps his hands to his ears in dismay, falls on his knees and in utter misery bangs his head upon the ground.

Suddenly he hears the noise of running feet. He is seized with panic at the thought of his appearance—his nether garments stained with water and soiled with mud ; the rough brown cloth and ridiculous pompoms of the miller's coat. In despair, he returns to bed just as his myrmidons enter, enraged at the loss of their prisoner. They dash up to the house, push aside the awning and drag out the wretched inmate. Heedless of his protestations, they force him into their midst and assault him with insults, kicks and blows of their fists. Felled to his knees, he unavailingly beseeches, begs, prays for mercy and recognition.

And now the reunited couple return, accompanied by their friends.

The husband and wife quickly thread their way through the astonished policemen, and before the latter have recovered from their surprise the Corregidor is the recipient of another stream of blows. The crowd becomes more and more menacing, and finally so threatening, that, fearing for their own safety, the policemen depart in haste, dragging in their midst the once splendid, now battered, stiff and unconscious figure of their master.

From all quarters come the villagers eager to celebrate the downfall of the Corregidor and his despotic sway. Bounding idiots with hair and beards of enormous length, beggars, old crones who, despite their crutches, contrive to swing themselves in the semblance of a dance; then the dandy who bears on his shoulder the stuffed effigy of the Corregidor, finally a procession of peasants headed by a banner scrawled with a rude caricature.

The castanets, now suspended from the two middle fingers, ring out with their pulse-quickenning *tok-tok-tok*, and the company surge to and fro in the broad, rolling movements of the *jota*. The retina is dazzled with the flash of bare arms and twinkle of white petticoats, bewildered by the brilliantly-coloured patterns formed by the constant crossing and re-crossing of the striped costumes; the ear echoes to the rhythmic stamping of feet and the clatter of castanets; and as the joyous lilt of the melody sweeps upward like a mighty wave—stops for an instant—and again rises—the soul of the spectator is almost freed from his body. The effigy is thrown away, to be picked up and tossed in a blanket so that it ever bounds and rebounds to a greater height—the miller's wife and two of her friends are hoisted in triumph on stalwart shoulders—and the reign of the three-cornered hat is at an end.

The curtain falls.



*The Three Cornered Hat* is a production of the highest merit. The scenery is admirable alike for its simple, restrained setting and the charm of its proportions. The result is not so happy in regard to the costumes. It is clear that many of them are based on the paintings

of Goya, but the too-frequent introduction of the stripe as a decorative pattern tends to monotony and causes certain of the dancers to acquire in the choregraphic arrangement an importance beyond their allotted rôle.

The music is conceived in a rare spirit of subtle wit and delicate satire, intensified with a deep, psychological insight. There can be few themes more expressive of feminine caprice and coquetry than those which illustrate the gestures of the miller's wife. Finally, the whole score is so impregnated with the spirit of humour that the music is humorous in itself. Consider the elfish fun contained in the theme that accompanies the brief flirtation between the dandy and the miller's wife; the laughter-provoking effect produced by the contrast between the courtly and graceful measure of the *menuet* and the Corregidor's version of the steps that should accompany it; and the merry, whimsical, swaggering air employed to mark the Corregidor's entrance. De Falla proves in such themes as these that music, which has been more or less restricted to the expression of passion and tragedy, is no less capable of interpreting the more human and more widely diffused emotion of humour.

Massine's choregraphy is no less successful. It abounds in passion, colour and comedy-action; and these qualities are expressed in gradations, so delicate and so nicely balanced that each performance reveals a new delight, a new charm that has hitherto eluded the eye.

The work of the performers is a triumph. Woizikowski mimes and dances with extraordinary ability the rôle of the *Corregidor*, and Idzikowski brilliantly executes the difficult and dangerous dance on the bridge.

The dancing and acting of Massine and Karsavina—respectively as the Miller and his wife—are superb. The Spanish dance is intensely national. The *fandango* and *farucca* demand on the part of the performer something more than the mere clacking of castanets, the throwing-back of the head, the swaying of the hips and the clapping of hands, which in themselves are full of unimaginable difficulties. What is vitally important is that the performer must transform himself into a Spaniard—and that this has been achieved by Massine and Karsavina, affords the highest proof of their genius and knowledge

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of their art. And since it is a Spanish custom to pay homage through the medium of verse to the skill of a *bailarina*, one may well conclude with a charming *copla de malaguena* that justly may be addressed to Karsavina—

“ *Una estrella se ha paraida  
En el ciel y no parece ;  
En tu cara se ha metido ;  
Y en tu frente resplandece.*”













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